



image

57  
JAN

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



Spawn  
B



**image**® COMICS PRESENTS:

# "THE BEAST"



story

**TODD McFARLANE**

pencils

**GREG CAPULLO**

inks

**TODD McFARLANE**

**DANNY MIKI**

**JASON GORDER**

**CHANCE WOLF**

copy editor & letters

**TOM ORZECOWSKI**

color

**BRIAN HABERLIN**

**DAN KEMP**

Dedicated to  
the Memory of:

**Morley Kolomyjec**

## Spawn #56 Summary:

Major Forsberg, a military strategist, has been kidnapped and imprisoned by Jason Wynn, a key figure in U.S. foreign intelligence. Forsberg had determined the insights of the great conqueror Genghis Kahn and relayed some of this to Wynn. When Forsberg denied having full knowledge, Wynn slaughtered his family before his eyes. Driven mad by the sight, Forsberg perceives that Khan's spirit inhabits Wynn and therefore suffers guilt for creating this power-mad, geopolitically murderous monster. Terry Fitzgerald directs Spawn to free Forsberg from Wynn's prison while working undercover in Wynn's office to undermine his influence. Meanwhile, the Clown continues to direct Wynn in a campaign to eradicate Spawn as Cy-Gor waits in Spawn's rat-infested domain.

## FOR IMAGE COMICS

**LARRY MARDER** - Executive Director

SPAWN #57. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS 1440 N. Harbor Boulevard, Suite 305, Fullerton, CA 92635. Spawn®, its logo and its symbol are Registered Trademarks 1997 of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are Trademark™ and Copyright© 1997 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.

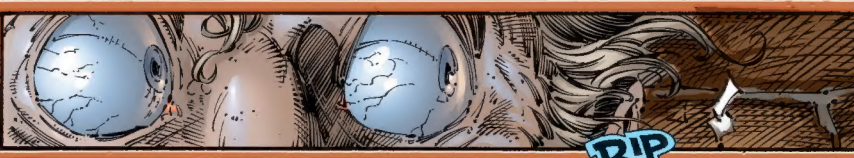


President of Entertainment, Publishing & Licensing: **TERRY FITZGERALD**

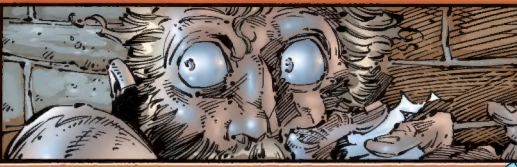
Graphics Coordinator: **JULIA SIMMONS** Editorial Coordinator: **MELANIE SIMMONS**

**CHECK OUT THE SPAWN WEB SITE AT... <http://www.spawn.com>**






I'M  
TELLING YOU,  
TERRY, WE'RE GOING  
TO GET NOTHING  
OUT OF THIS  
GUY.



HE  
DIDN'T SAY A  
WORD THE WHOLE  
TRIP BACK. JUST  
KEPT MUMBLING  
UNDER HIS  
BREATH.

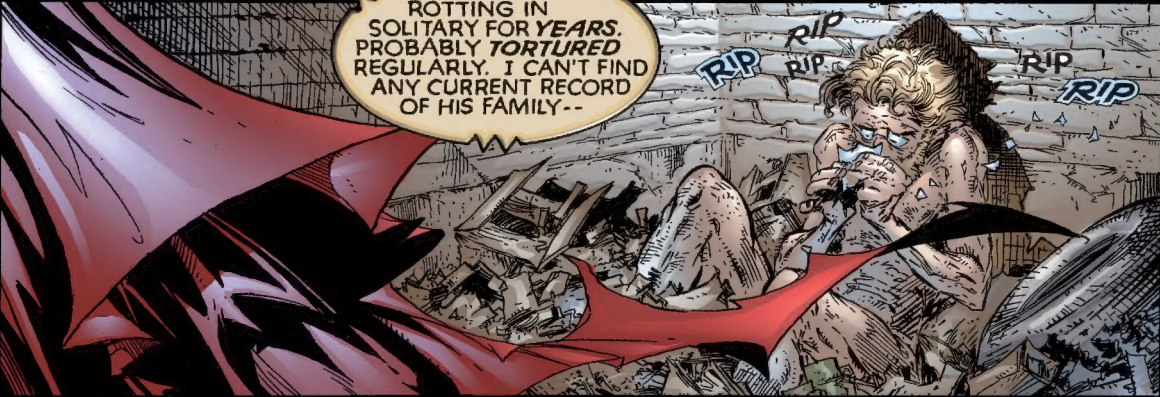


NOW  
HE'S LYING  
IN CRAP, PLAYING  
SOME PSYCHO GAME  
WITH HIMSELF.  
THIS GUY'S A  
WASTE.




WHAT  
DID YOU  
EXPECT?!






...HE'S BEEN  
ROTTING IN  
SOLITARY FOR YEARS.  
PROBABLY **TORTURED**  
REGULARLY. I CAN'T FIND  
ANY CURRENT RECORD  
OF HIS FAMILY--

RIP RIP RIP RIP




-- SO  
WE CAN  
ASSUME THEY  
WERE SNUFFED  
OUT.



AND IF I  
WASN'T SO  
DAMNED **PARANOID**  
THAT WYNN MIGHT BE  
**WATCHING** ME, I'D PUT  
MAJOR FOSBERG SOME-  
PLACE LESS NASTY THAN  
**YOUR** LITTLE  
CHAMBER OF  
HORRORS.


RIP RIP RIP RIP



**THE INSULT CUTS  
DEEP. SPAWN IS  
TEMPTED TO BREAK  
COMMUNICATIONS  
RIGHT THEN.**

DID  
YOU HEAR  
ME? AL?!  
YOU STILL  
THERE?

I'M  
HERE.



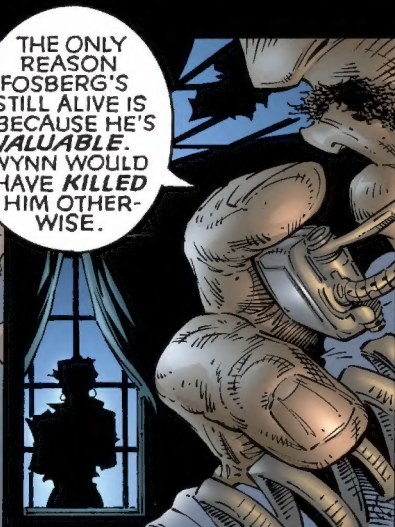
GOOD. WHAT  
I NEED IS THAT HE  
NOT BE TRAUMATIZED  
ANY FURTHER. THE TRIP  
BACK FROM THE FAR  
EAST, WRAPPED IN YOUR  
CLOAK, WOULD UN-  
SETTLE ANYONE.

SO DO ME  
A FAVOR,  
KEEP HIM  
WARM.

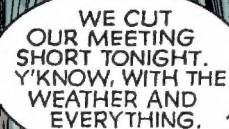


IT'S  
FREEZING  
TONIGHT.





\* LAST ISSUE -- Tom.

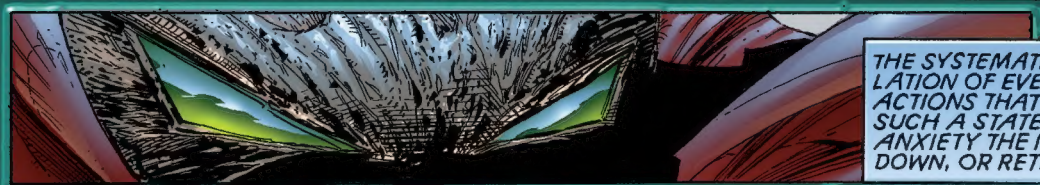






WITH TERRY GONE, SPAWN NOW SITS STARING AT WHAT APPEARS TO BE A CHILD HIDDEN IN A MAN'S BODY... A ONCE-BRILLIANT MIND NOW WITHDRAWN AS A RESULT OF WYNN'S BRAINWASHING.

SPAWN'S SEEN IT BEFORE, WHEN HE WAS WORKING FOR WYNN.



THE SYSTEMATIC MANIPULATION OF EVENTS AND ACTIONS THAT LEAD TO SUCH A STATE OF ANXIETY THE MIND SHUTS DOWN, OR RETREATS.



NOTHING IS SACRED TO WYNN. ANY ACHILLES' HEEL THAT CAN BE EXPLOITED TO HIS ADVANTAGE IS FAIR GAME.

BUT HE ONLY DID IT IF THE VICTIM HAD SOMETHING WYNN NEEDED.



OTHERWISE, THEY JUST CONVENIENTLY DISAPPEARED...

... INSTEAD OF BEING LEFT BEHIND WITH NOTHING BUT THEIR OWN FEAR.





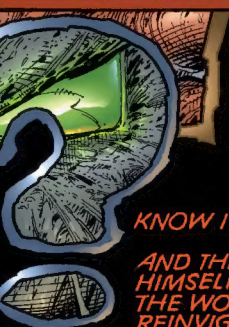
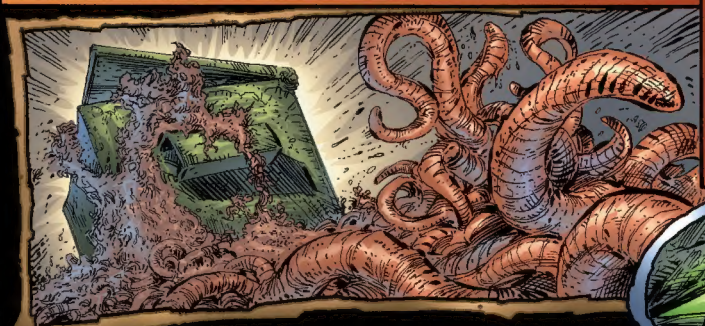
BUT IF A SENSE OF NORMALITY IS NEEDED TO DETOX THIS VICTIM, SPAWN WONDERS TOO HOW BEING HOOKED UP WITH A WALKING DEAD MAN FROM HELL IS GOING TO RESTORE THIS MAN'S SANITY.

STILL, IF AL AND TERRY ARE TO GET THEIR REVENGE, THIS DICHOTOMY MUST BE SORTED OUT...



...WHILE FOSBERG IS SHELTERED IN AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE ORDINARY FORMS MASK NIGHTMARISH REALITIES...

... LIKE WORMS ACTING AS CARRIERS OF EVIL.



HUNDREDS... THOUSANDS SPILL FORTH-- A FLOOD OF LIVING TISSUE, TWISTING, FIGHTING TO GET TO THE NOURISHMENT.

THEY SENSE IT. FEEL IT.

KNOW IT'S NEAR.

AND THE HELLSPAWN HIMSELF, WHO USES THE WORMS TO REINVIGORATE HIS SYMBIOTE UNIFORM, IS MOMENTARILY CAUGHT OFF-GUARD--

**CRASH!**

-- BEFORE BEING SUCKED OFF HIS THRONE AND INTO THE MULTITUDE.



ALL AROUND, THE WORMS GO WILD.





THE GREAT PROPHET WROTE: "... AND THOSE WHO RESIDE IN THE COLD SHADOW OF SIN WILL BE FOREVER DENIED THE GREAT WARMTH OF GOD'S EMBRACE. FOR THE LORD SCORNS THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE PATH OF DARKNESS, AND CONDEMNNS THEM, AT DEATH, FOR ALL ETERNITY. THEN SHALL THE SINNER KNOW THE FIERY PIT, BURNING FOR A HUNDRED HUNDRED LIFETIMES IN HELL'S BLOATED BELLY."

SPAWN HAS LIVED BOTH SIDES OF THAT EQUATION. HE HAS TO WONDER WHICH CONTAINS THE GREATER OF MAN'S SELF-MADE HORRORS.

HIS CLOAK FIGHTS FIERCELY, BUFFERING MOST OF THE ATTACK. THOUGH FOCUSED ON PROTECTING ITS HOST, IT SENSES ANOTHER DUTY TO PERFORM.



SO AN UNSPOKEN  
MESSAGE IS SENT:

THE CAPTIVE  
IS STRAYING.

HE MUST BE  
TAUGHT THE  
LIMITS OF  
HIS NEW  
BOUNDRIES.

LEARN THAT  
FREEDOM MUST  
BE GIVEN.

AND THEN,  
ONLY AT THE  
MASTER'S  
COMMAND.


HIM WHO, FOR  
THE PAST TEN  
MINUTES, HAS  
BEEN MATCHED  
BLOW FOR BLOW--

-- BY SOME BLACK  
SIMIAN, AUGMENTED  
TO FUNCTION AS A  
CYBERNETIC FRANKEN-  
STEIN'S MONSTER.

BUT THE  
EXPERIMENT  
ALSO WENT  
AWRY...

... CREATING A SAVAGE  
CREATURE WHOSE BLOOD-  
CURDLING WALLS POINT TO  
INNER DEMONS NEEDING  
TO EXACT SOME PERSONAL  
FORM OF VENGEANCE.





ITS OWN SALIVA  
SPRAYS BACK  
OVER THE BLACK  
APE, ADDING  
ANOTHER LAYER  
TO ITS CRUSTED  
FUR.

MORE THAN THREE  
HUNDRED MILES THIS  
HULKING BEHEMOTH  
HAD TRAVELED, EVER  
INTENT ON REACHING  
ITS GOAL:

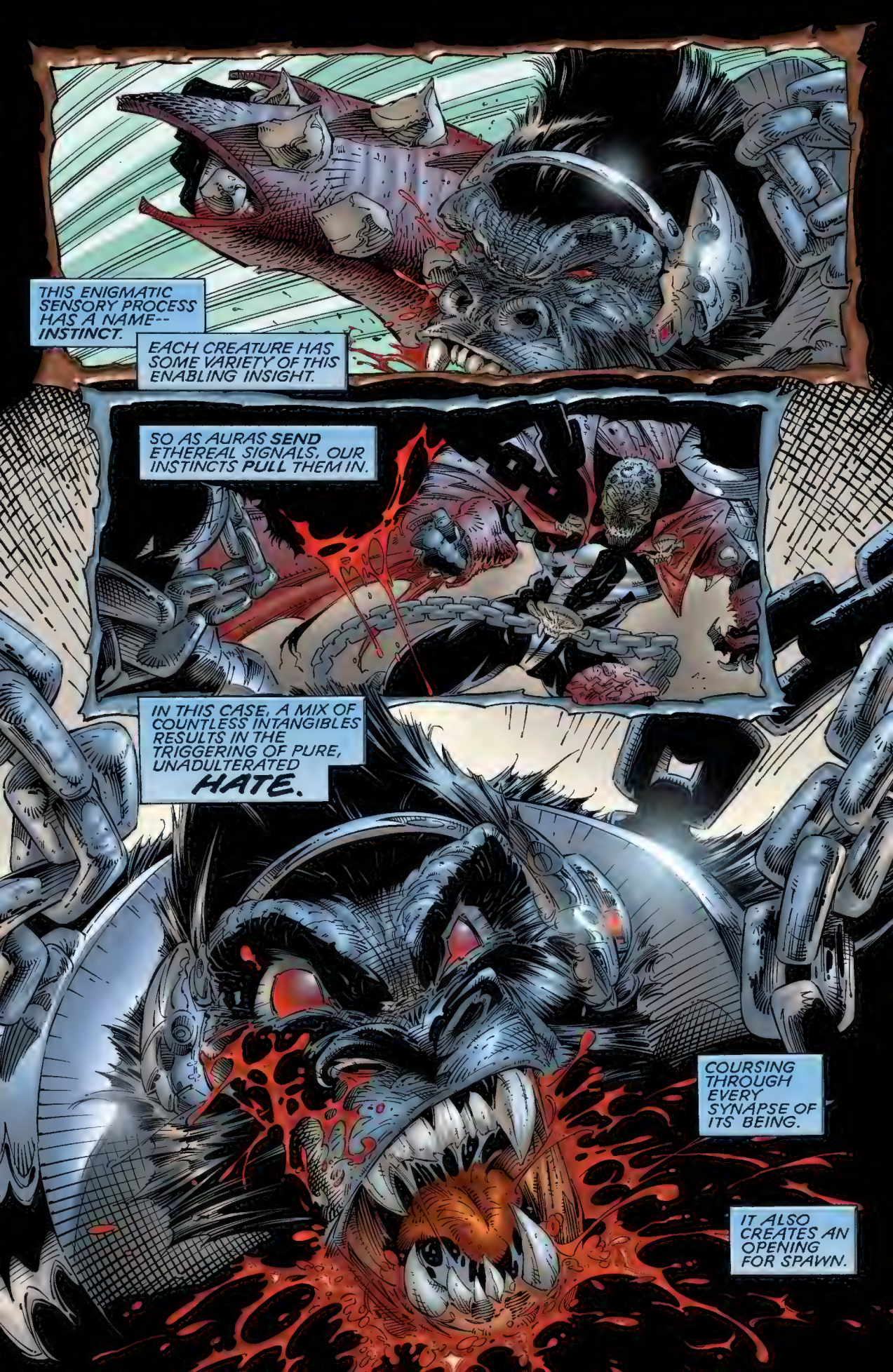
THE HELLSPAWN.

THOUGH CHANGED  
PHYSICALLY BY ONE OF  
THE ELITE DEVILS, AL  
SIMMONS STILL HAD HIS  
SOUL-- AND HIS AURA.  
FOREVER BOUND TO HIS  
EXISTENCE, NO MATTER  
WHAT FORM HE MAY  
INHABIT.

THIS UNIQUE EMANATION  
ACTED AS A BEACON  
FOR THE TECHNO-  
COMPOSITE CREATURE...

... ENABLING IT TO  
HOME IN ON ITS  
INTENDED TARGET.





THIS ENIGMATIC  
SENSORY PROCESS  
HAS A NAME--  
INSTINCT.

EACH CREATURE HAS  
SOME VARIETY OF THIS  
ENABLING INSIGHT.


SO AS AURAS SEND  
ETHEREAL SIGNALS, OUR  
INSTINCTS PULL THEM IN.

IN THIS CASE, A MIX OF  
COUNTLESS INTANGIBLES  
RESULTS IN THE  
TRIGGERING OF PURE,  
UNADULTERATED  
**HATE.**

COURSING  
THROUGH  
EVERY  
SYNAPSE OF  
ITS BEING.

IT ALSO  
CREATES AN  
OPENING  
FOR SPAWN.



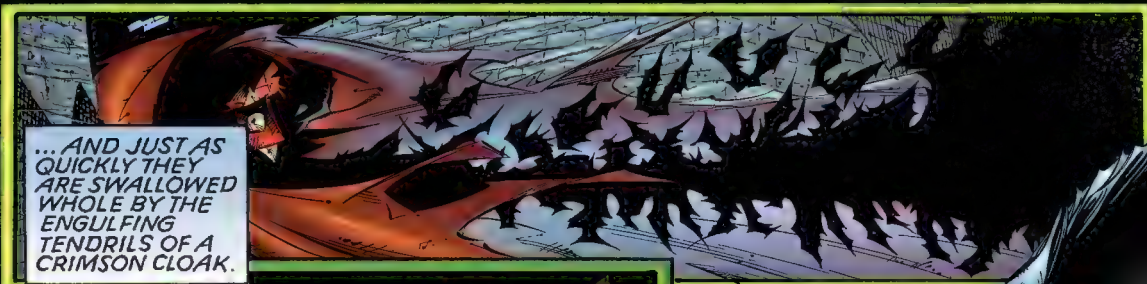


FOR HATRED MUST  
DWELL SOMEPLACE  
WHEN DORMANT.  
THAT SOMPLACE IS  
THE COLLECTIVE BODY  
KNOWN AS "SIN".

AND WHERE  
LIVES SIN.

IT SERVES  
AS FOOD  
FOR THOSE  
THAT FEEL  
TIGHT.

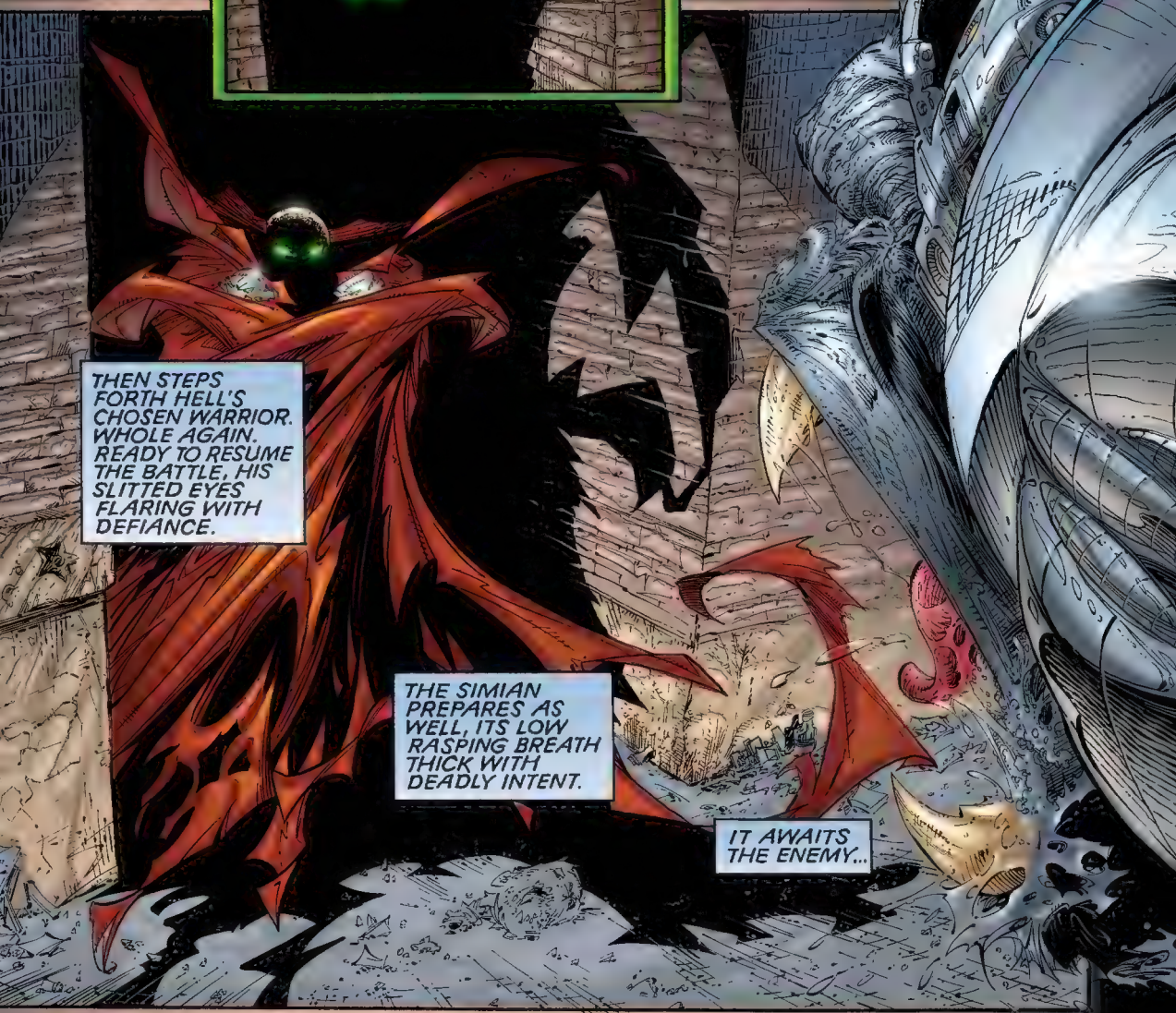
THEIR  
GREAT MASS  
BLOTS OUT  
THE CANOPY  
OF STARS  
FOR A  
MOMENT...



... AND JUST AS  
QUICKLY THEY  
ARE SWALLOWED  
WHOLE BY THE  
ENGULFING  
TENDRILS OF A  
CRIMSON CLOAK.



SHADOWS  
LIE  
SILENT.



THEN STEPS  
FORTH HELL'S  
CHOSEN WARRIOR.  
WHOLE AGAIN.  
READY TO RESUME  
THE BATTLE, HIS  
SLITTED EYES  
FLARING WITH  
DEFIANCE.

THE SIMIAN  
PREPARES AS  
WELL, ITS LOW  
RASPING BREATH  
THICK WITH  
DEADLY INTENT.

IT AWAITS  
THE ENEMY...



...THE ENEMY WHOSE NEUROLOGICAL FUSION TO HIS  
OUTER SHELL ALLOWS FOR REGROWTH AND  
TRANSFORMATION.

SO WHAT THE WARRIOR  
WILLS, THE COSTUME  
GRANTS.

THE BETTER  
TO MAKE  
READY FOR  
WAR.

IT'S WHY AL SIMMONS WAS  
SELECTED: BECAUSE HIS  
INTERNAL WIRING WAS RIGHT.  
THE LORDS OF HELL KNEW HIS  
KIND, AND THEIR VALUE. HOW,  
IF MOLDED PROPERLY, HE  
COULD HELP LEAD THE FORCES  
OF DARKNESS TO THE GATES  
OF HEAVEN.

THEN HELP BURN IT DOWN.





FOR NOW,  
EARTH IS SPAWN'S  
TRAINING GROUND.



THOUGH HE  
DOESN'T FULLY  
ACCEPT HIS  
FATE, HE  
KNOWS THERE  
ISN'T MUCH  
CHOICE.



SO HE  
DEALS  
WITH IT.



USING WHATEVER  
MEANS NECESSARY  
TO VANQUISH ANY  
WHO DARE STAND  
IN HIS WAY.



C'MON,  
FREAK--  
LET'S SEE  
WHAT YOU'RE  
MADE OF.

FIRST:  
THE SET-UP.



SPAWN FEIGNS EXHAUSTION. FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, HE WANTS HIS ENEMY TO PERCEIVE AN ADVANTAGE, HOWEVER FALSE IT MAY BE.

CAUSING THE RELEASE OF ADRENALINE, HELPING TO CLOG THE PROCESS OF LOGICAL THOUGHT.

THEN, HELLSPAWN AND CARAPACE BIDE THEIR TIME, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT. THE PERFECT OPENING.

LIKE NOW.

... WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY GOADING THE GORILLA BY MOUNTING A COUNTER ATTACK EACH TIME HE TRIES TO FINISH THE ATTACK.

DRIVING THE BEAST INTO A FRUSTRATED FRENZY.

THEIR VICTIMS ALWAYS TAKE THE BAIT.



FIFTEEN FEET FROM  
IMPACT, OUR DARK  
HERO LETS OUT WHAT  
COULD PASS FOR A SIGH.

A USELESS DRAIN OF  
POWER WON'T BE NEEDED  
THIS FRIGID, WINDSWEEP  
NIGHT.

THERE ARE  
OTHER  
HELLISH  
WAYS.

YAAAA!!!

HIS SCREAMS  
OF PAIN ARE  
DROWNED OUT  
BY THE MIND-  
NUMBING WAIL  
OF AN ENDLESS  
BLANKET OF  
LEATHERY  
HORROR.

INSTANTLY  
ENCASING  
SPAWN'S  
CHALLENGER.

THEN, POURING THROUGH  
EVERY POSSIBLE ORIFICE  
TO METHODICALLY  
SUFFOCATE THE PREY.





THEIR  
MISSION  
COMPLETE,  
THE WINGED  
SPECTRES  
DISSOLVE  
INTO NIGHT'S  
DARK  
BOSOM.

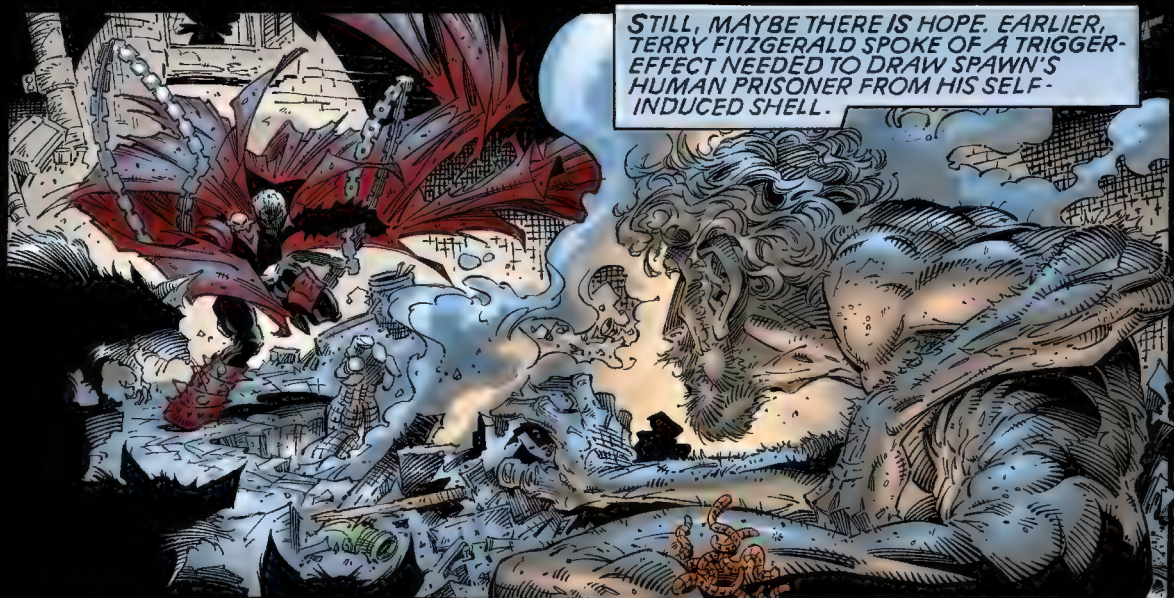
THEIR MASTER'S  
INTEREST WOULD  
NOT BE SERVED BY  
DEATH. ANSWERS  
ARE WHAT HE  
CRAVES.

HINTS THAT  
SOMEDAY, HIS  
UNDEAD LIFE--  
THE INSANITY  
IN WHICH HE  
NOW DWELLS--



-- WILL MAKE  
SOME SORT OF  
TWISTED SENSE.





STILL, MAYBE THERE IS HOPE. EARLIER, TERRY FITZGERALD SPOKE OF A TRIGGER-EFFECT NEEDED TO DRAW SPAWN'S HUMAN PRISONER FROM HIS SELF-INDUCED SHELL.

IT'S AS THE DUST IS SETTLING THAT THE TRIGGER IS PULLED BY AN UNEXPECTED SHOOTER.

CY-GOR

WHAT?

DID YOU HEAR THAT?! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?

SO YOU DO KNOW HOW TO TALK.



CY-GOR! I KNOW THAT NAME. I READ THE FILE. YEARS AGO. I DIDN'T THINK WYNN CARED ABOUT IT.

WYNN? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



"I FOUND OUT LATER THAT WYNN'S COVERT CIRCLE OF MILITARY ALLIES OVERSEAS FELT THEY WERE *FALLING BEHIND* IN THEIR RACE TO BUILD THE PERFECT KILLING MACHINE. THEY'D DISCOVERED THAT A TAIWANESE CARTEL HAD GOTTEN A RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT BREAKTHROUGH THAT PUT THEM MAYBE *THREE YEARS AHEAD*."

"SO WYNN TOOK A SHORT-CUT, ASSIGNING ONE OF HIS INFILTRATE THEIR FACILITY AND HACK INTO THEIR SYSTEM. *SIMMONS*, I THINK HIS NAME WAS."

"A FEW YEARS LATER, THIS *SIMMONS* *DIES* UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. BUT THE HIT MUST HAVE BEEN A BIT *SLOPPY*, SINCE SOME YOUNG CADET IN HIS DIVISION GETS SET TO BLOW THE WHISTLE."

"NEVER *HAPPENS*, THOUGH. RUMOR HAS IT HE BECAME ANOTHER GUINEA PIG IN *PROJECT: SIMIAN*."

"*KONIECZNY* WAS THE BOY'S NAME. INTELLIGENCE SAID HE BECAME THE ONE HALF MONSTER. HALF MAN. A *CYBERNETIC GORILLA*. CODE NAME *CV-GOR!*"


**MIKE!?**

"IF THIS IS HIM THEN WYNN MUST'VE GAINED BIG FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL REWARDS BY SELLING OFF THAT RESEARCH."

"IT PROBABLY WENT OUT PIECEMEAL, IF I KNOW THE SECURITY COUNCIL."

"DOESN'T MATTER, THOUGH. WYNN ALWAYS GETS WHAT HE WANTS."





OUR BLOOD-CLOAKED HERO CROUCHES CLOSE TO HIS FALLEN FOE, DESPERATELY TRYING TO COME TO GRIPS WITH WHAT HE'S JUST HEARD. THAT SOMEHOW THIS BETA-TEST GONE WILD IS LINKED TO A THROWAWAY MISSION HE UNDERTOOK.

SCATTERSHOT, THE POSSIBILITIES RACE THROUGH HIS MIND, WITH ONE CONCLUSION HITTING HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN...

IT CAN'T BE. NOT YOU, MIKE.

LOOK! IT'S MOVING!

IMAGERY. CY-GOR'S SPASTIC GASPS, INDICATE A STRUGGLE DEEP WITHIN. LIMITED BY WHAT HUMAN INTELLIGENCE IS LEFT, THE CREATURE RELIVES 'GHASTLY' SCENARIOS.

THE TRAGIC CREATURE KNOWS THEY ARE TRUE-- HIS "REAL" BODY NOW REPLACED BY HYDRAULIC PROSTHETICS AND GENETICALLY ALTERED TISSUES FROM MAN'S EVOLUTIONARY COUSIN.

AND THEN ALL WENT BLACK, LEAVING NOTHING BUT PAIN. PRIMAL SENSES WERE IGNITED.

ALL OBSESSED WITH ONE OBJECTIVE: TO TRACK DOWN HIS CREATOR.

AND DESTROY SAVAGELY.



ELSEWHERE.

YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU, THEN STOP DANCING AROUND. WHY IS THIS STUFF HERE?

I TOLD YOU, IT HAS TO DO WITH WYNN. SOMEONE'S HELPING ME GATHER DATA AGAINST HIM.

THEN WHY WERE YOU TRYING TO DO THIS BEHIND MY BACK? WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS CASE TOGETHER. I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY HOURS I POURED OVER YOUR FILES, LOOKING FOR CLUES THAT MIGHT LEAD YOU SOMEWHERE.

ME TOO, IT'S JUST THAT I'M GETTING CLOSER TO NAILING HIM, BIG TIME. ONE OR TWO MORE CRUCIAL PIECES AND I CAN GO PUBLIC WITH THIS.

FOR NOW, THIS IS THE BEST WAY I CAN THINK OF TO DO THAT.



BUT ALL THIS SCARES ME. ESPECIALLY WYNN.



I WANT TO SUPPORT YOU, TERRY, BUT SOMETIMES I CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF ALL THIS IS WORTH IT.

HE KNOWS WE HAVE A CHILD.

AND IF HE'S CAPABLE OF FRAMING YOU FOR **MURDER**\*, I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF US ARE SAFE IF HE FINDS OUT WHAT YOU'RE UP TO.







MADE  
ME...  
you.

AS A SOLDIER  
LIEUTENANT  
COLONEL AL  
SIMMONS PRIDED  
HIMSELF ON  
PROTECTING  
THOSE IN HIS  
REGIMENT.

AS A SANCTIONED  
ASSASSIN, HIS PRIDE  
CAME FROM CONSISTENT  
FULFILLMENT OF HIS  
SUPERIORS' ORDERS.

HE THOUGHT  
THAT WAS  
ENOUGH.

HEY...!?  
WHERE  
YOU  
GOING?

I NEED  
SOME  
SPACE.

COME  
BACK  
HERE!

DON'T  
LEAVE  
ME!

WHAT  
IF KHAN  
COMES?

WHO  
ARE YOU,  
ANYWAYS?



LAUGHTER ECHOES  
HIDEOUSLY THROUGH  
HELL'S CHAMBERS AS  
MALEBOLGIA REVELS  
IN THE THOUGHT THAT  
HIS NEW SPAWN HAS  
PUZZLED OUT ANOTHER  
PIECE OF HIS  
MACABRE FATE...

... RECEIVED THE  
KNOWLEDGE THAT A  
SMALL MEASURE OF  
THE WORLD'S EVIL WAS  
VIVIFIED BY HE WHO  
WAS ONCE A MAN  
NAMED AL SIMMONS.

HEAVEN  
CURSES HIS  
EXISTENCE.

SO DOES HE.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE